

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe;
Euermore croft and croft, nothing but croft.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farte,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.

And the Moone changes euen as your minde:

What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should

And not vnluckily against the Bias:

But soft, Company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:

Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:

Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:

What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,

As those two eyes become that heauenly face?

Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:

Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,

Whether away, or whether is thy abode?

Happy the Parents of so faire a childe:

Happier the man whom fauourable stars

A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,

This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,

And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old fathers my mistaking eyes,

That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,

That euery thing I looke on seemeth Greene:

Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:

Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandfere, & withall make known

Which way thou trauestlest, if along with vs,

We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,

That with your strange encounter much amafde me:

My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,

And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite

A sonne of mine, which long I haue not scene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio* gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:

And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,

I may intitle thee my louing Father;

The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,

Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,

Not be not grieued, she is of good esteeme;

Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;

Beside, so qualified, as may beseech

The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:

Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*.

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,

Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant traualors to breake a left

Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth herof,

For our first merriment hath made thee ielous.

Hort. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;

Haue to my Widdow, and if she stoward,

Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio

is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chauce to neede

thee at home, therefore leaue vs.

Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,

and then come backe to my mistress as soone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio

with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentio*'s house,

My Fathers beares more toward the Market place;

Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,

I thinke I shall command your welcome here;

And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke

lower.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe

the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or

two to make merrie withall?

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee

shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in

Padua: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstan-

ces, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is

come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with

him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and

here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-

uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meanes

to cofen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue scene them in the Church together, God

send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-

ster *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brought to no-

thing.

Vin. Come hither crackheppe.

Biond. I hope I may choote Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot

me?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for

I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer

see thy Mistress father, *Vincentio*?

Biond. What

Biond. What my old worshipfull old master? yes
maie sir see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. It is indeede. He beates *Biondello*.

Biond. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur-

der me.

Pedant. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of

this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tr. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser-

uant?

Vin. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortal

Goddess: oh fine villaine, a liken doubter, a vel-

uet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am

vdone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband

at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vni-

uersitie.

Tr. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tr. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by

your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why

sir, what comes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank

my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in

Bergamo.

Bapt. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do

you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue

brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and

his name is *Tronio*.

Ped. Awake, awake mad affe, his name is *Lucentio*, and

he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me signi-

or *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*: oh he hath murdred his Master: laie

hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my

sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son

Lucentio?

Tr. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to

the Iaile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be

forth coming.

Vin. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bapt. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to

prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be con-

catcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right

Vincentio.

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lu-*

centio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bapt. Awake with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haile and abused: oh mon-

strous villaine,

Biond. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him,

for sweare him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Biond. Pardon deere father.

Bapt. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vin-*

centio.

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,

That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bapt. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Biond. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue

Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,

While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I haue arriued at the last

Vnto the wished haue of my blisse:

What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;

Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent

me to the Iaile.

Bapt. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my

daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to:

but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie.

Bapt. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie.

Luc. Look not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.

Exit.

Gre. My cake is doug, hbut Ile in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's

awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee

Loue staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.

Better once then neuer, for neuer to late.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and

Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Gremio, and Widdow:

The Servingmen with Tranio bringing

in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,

And time it is when raging warre is come,

To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:

My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,

While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:

Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,

And thou *Hortensio* with thy louing Widdow:

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Banket is to close our stomakes vp

After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,

For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.